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Crawford

Avalanche

OSCAR P. SCHUMANN, Editor and Proprietor

JUSTICE AND RIGHT

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, FEBRUARY 18, 1926

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Michigan Happenings

Lansing's municipal air field, with little expense and work, will be one of the best in the country. William Stout, of the Stout Metal Airplane Company of Detroit, said, "Lansing soon will have an opportunity to be on an air line which may become one of the main trans-continental lines," he said. "The cities which will provide business for the lines will be the ones to get the service and with your excellent field I believe that once the idea is tried more planes would be necessary in addition to the one combination passenger freight plane contemplated."

Oakland County's new \$300,000 infirmary, built on the county owned farm of 127 acres just west of the city limits of Pontiac, has been opened formally. The infirmary is said to be the last word in an institution designed for the care of the indigent. One hundred and twenty-five inmates will be housed. A feature of the building is the two-story glassed-in and heated corridors around a court in the center of the building. Summer and winter the aged inmates can enjoy the air and sunshine in these corridors.

William Laird, prosecutor of Washtenaw County, has been asked by the attorney general's department to proceed as soon as possible with the trial of three men held on murder charges in Ypsilanti. The request was the result of a petition from Ypsilanti citizens, who claimed Laird is unwilling to try the cases. The letter sent to Laird today declared that the "attorney general's department has found there is reasonable cause to believe the prisoners are guilty and the facts should be submitted to a jury as soon as possible."

Outlining the value of the biologist to the lawyer and pointing out the imminent legal problems in connection with the development of birth control, Dr. Clarence Cook Little, president of the University of Michigan, spoke to the senior law students of the university at an informal banquet. Dr. Little explained the legal difficulties to be surmounted by the advocates of birth control and pointed out the part to be played by these students graduating in the near future from the law schools of the country.

Charles F. Garratt and Mrs. Annie M. Garratt, widow of Thomas F. Garratt, have disposed of the Michigan Chair Company of Grand Rapids for a consideration of approximately \$1,000,000. The identity of the purchaser is being withheld. The greater portion of the stock subsequently was acquired by Thomas Garratt and passed to his widow and son, Charles, at his death in 1922. The company is one of the largest concerns in Grand Rapids.

Legislation to prevent further bottle losses will be the object of a campaign inaugurated by the Michigan Allied Dairy Association at its forty-second annual convention at Kalamazoo. Many large distributors throughout the state, it was reported, are reporting heavy losses in their bottle, case and can department. Many scrupulous dealers, it was charged, are operating with bottles and other equipment belonging to their competitors.

Sir Robert A. Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, will be the principal speaker of the convocation services of the University of Michigan that will be held at Ann Arbor the morning of Feb. 22 in commemoration of Washington's birthday, according to a decision reached by the deans of the university. The purpose of the convocation is to bring a prominent educator or lecturer before the students each year.

In an effort to bring real estate dealers of the state together to discuss problems relating to the professions, real estate brokers and subdividers of the state will meet in a practical conference at the University of Michigan Union, Feb. 24 and 25. The conference will be under joint auspices of the school of business administration and the Michigan Real Estate Association.

Ira N. Moore, identified with the beginnings of three Battle Creek concerns: The Union Steam Pump Company, American Steam Pump Company and the Old Advance Pump and Compressor Company, an inventor of marked genius, and a pioneer resident of Battle Creek, is dead at the age of 75. He was long the vice-president of the Union Steam Pump Company.

The Michigan Title Co. of Grand Rapids, which seeks to make photostatic copies of the original deeds, mortgages, liens and other records, including abstracts, in the register of deeds' office so that it can establish an insurance of title business, was informed by the board of supervisors that the county's price is \$240,000. This price includes the right of the county, should the original records be destroyed, to make copies of the copies held by the title company. If the latter accepts the proposition.

The problem of working out methods to utilize the high sulphur ore of the Michigan iron mines rests with the Michigan College of Mines and an executive sub-committee, following the close of a conference on the subject of utilization of low grade ore, called by President W. O. Hotchkiss, of the Michigan College of Mines. The conference, decided to attack the sulphur ore problem first. The committee will gather data on similar research at various points before meeting again in Houghton in July or August to map out the next steps in its campaign.

Grand Rapids business men are carrying forward plans to insure establishment of an air line between this city and Detroit which was promised recently by the Ford Motor Co. The Kent County landing field, south of Grand Rapids, has been inspected and it is estimated \$10,000 will be required to place it in proper condition. It seems unlikely that the city will take advantage of an offer of the Guggenheim estate to give \$20,000 toward development of aviation there providing the city should raise \$50,000.

The average earnings in one year of the 1,070 handicapped persons in Michigan returned in the last four years to remunerative employment by skilled treatment, was 21 times the amount spent on the average case, said Percy Angrove, of Lansing, at the sixth annual meeting of the Michigan Society for Crippled Children in Hotel Statler Monday afternoon. "Rehabilitating a crippled child or adult merely means placing back on the tracks a piece of machinery and enabling it to proceed under its own power," Mr. Angrove continued.

The Saginaw county road commission has adopted a resolution urging that the state fulfill all its obligations in the payment of back awards on Covert Act Highways in this county. The resolution was sponsored by Commissioner Walter Mortley and unanimously adopted. County Engineer Harvey Barnett has figured that the state now owes Saginaw county \$371,797.42 in past due awards. This amount is on 29 roads; many of them built quite a number of years ago.

Crime could be restricted if greater reverence for the mother could be instilled in the minds of children, James Curran, former convict and known as "Jimmy, the Trusty," declared in an address before the Lansing Exchange club. "Mother will never direct you wrong," Curran said. "Teach the child to think more of his mother while he is away from her, at school and at play, and you won't have the big boys and the big girls tangling her long enough to go astray."

Michigan will file a separate suit in the United States supreme court seeking to restrain the Chicago sanitary district from diverting water from the Great Lakes. It was announced by Attorney General Andrew B. Deland. This state will institute individual action rather than intervene with Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and Ohio because of some points. Michigan wishes to go slightly faster than the action already started by them, the attorney-general stated.

Reorganization of the forest fire prevention and fighting system was approved at Lansing by the conservation commission. The move which follows the discharge or demotion of six district fire wardens was recommended by the forest fire committee. Three airplanes are to be purchased for patrolling the upper peninsula and the northern section of the lower peninsula with bases at Marquette and St. Ignace, according to the plans.

Antonia Rose, 84 years old, Civil war veteran and a pioneer resident of Anchorville, is dead. Rose was one of the first children born in Anchorville, a small village near the shores of the lake. He has always made his home there except for the last year when he moved to Algonac. He leaves his widow, three brothers and three sisters.

Antonia Yabubickis, 16 years old, son of Michael Yabubickis, is at the Butterworth Hospital, Grand Rapids, in a serious condition as the result of an explosion of a shotgun cartridge he was holding in his hand. He is unable to tell how the shell exploded. He suffered severe injuries to his right eye and both hands were cut.

Richard Fletcher, Bay City, former state labor commissioner and once a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, has notified County Clerk C. L. Fox to withdraw his name as a candidate for county road commissioner, for which a petition had been filed.

Representative John C. Ketcham, Fourth Michigan district, recommended to the postoffice department that H. E. McElheny be reappointed postmaster at Gobles.

Custody of his child, whose birth is expected next June, is asked in a bill for divorce filed in superior court at Grand Rapids by Victor Rowe against Laura Rowe. They were married less than a year ago. Cruelty and desertion are alleged.

The state conservation commission has opened a majority of the main streams to trout fishing, increased the number of streams restricted to flies, and decided to hold the trout limit this year to 16, with 25 in possession.

George Washington of Today



600 SEE FOREST FIRE FLYER

With an attendance of over 600 people at the Forest Fire Fighting Flyer, Grayling served notice on the world last Tuesday that it is earnestly interested in anything which has a bearing on the control and prevention of the "terrible red enemy," of the north-forest fires. This demonstration train, operated by the Michigan Central thru the cooperation of the Michigan State College, the U. S. Forest service, State Conservation commission, and the Development bureau, brought a real message, presented in a forceful manner that it "went across" with every man, woman and child who visited the exhibition-car. And listened to the lectures. An expression made by a man who has lived here for 30 years, sums up the reaction very fairly. He said, "Gosh, I never realized that a brush-fire was so serious. We ought to get some more teamwork and stop this menagerie."

Many very interesting charts were on display in the exhibit-car. One brot out the fact that we were burning annually twice as many feet of lumber as we are utilizing. Another showed the map of Michigan's forest in 1840 and the present area. Still another showed the location of forest fires during the last four years and said to relate only very small portions of Northern Michigan were entirely free from "blotches." A model of the National Forest layout was very attractive. Finally there was one exhibit which made every visitor gasp and say, "That's too real to be comfortable."

Among the speakers were Mr. R. G. Schreck of the U. S. Forest Service, Mr. L. Livingston of the Michigan State College, Mr. Marcus Schaaf the State Forester, and E. J. Leenhouts of the M. C. R. R. Train, who also accompanied the train. The audience gained many valuable pointers from his many years of experience in the woods of northern Michigan. All of the speakers discussed the recreational advantages which northern Michigan enjoys and the necessity of keeping down the forest fires if we hope to continue to attract the tourists. "Our agriculture, our future forests, our tourists, attractions, our prosperity, everything depends upon the subjection of this terrible red enemy, the forest fires," according to Mr. R. G. Schreck.

The Izak Walton League entertained the visitors with a splendid banquet at Shoppesmen Inn Tuesday evening, which capped the climax. After a wonderful dinner, the crowd of over 60 people was entertained by several of the speakers from the train and others.

M. A. Bates, acting as toastmaster. Those who spoke at the banquet were: R. D. Bailey, county agricultural agent; B. E. Smith, superintendent of schools; Herman Lundin, of the Conservation commission; Marcus Schaaf, Michigan State Forester; L. F. Livingston, land-clearing specialist; N. A. Kessel, land-clearing expert; and specialist, both of M. S. C. and R. G. Schreck, supervisor of the National forest of Tawas City.

The train arrived here late Tuesday afternoon from Lewistown where it was also well attended, the total being over 160 people. It left for Grayling early this morning and will be at Grayling on Thursday where the merchants are planning a big banquet. To date, the Forest Fire Fighting Flyer has brought its message to over 8,800 people and distributed over 20,000 pieces of literature.

Many See Train at Frederic. The Fire Prevention Train exhibited at Frederic Wednesday and it is reported that several hundreds of people saw the exhibits and heard the lectures. A meeting was held at the school house making it convenient for more people to hear the talks. County Agent R. D. Bailey, who was present, said that the attendance far exceeded his fondest hopes and that the enthusiasm among the people was great. The speakers left many practical ideas for use in the prevention of forest fires and the conservation of natural resources. At 11:30 o'clock an oyster dinner was served free to all who wished to partake and at least 200 people were amply fed. The committee in charge of the dinner, said Mr. Bailey, deserves the highest praise. It was a big crowd to handle and everything went off smoothly and satisfactorily. This was served in the new school gymnasium.

GRAYLING INDIES TRIM CHEBOYGAN

Grayling Independents lived up to their reputation Saturday night when they trimmed the Cheboygan All City team by the score of 35 to 16. The same evening the game played between Ben Landsberg's Bears and the Railroad crew ended in a tie 6 to 6 with hard playing on both sides.

The game thruout was fast, although it was plain to be seen that the locals were far superior to their opponents. By fast and accurate passing the locals drew the Cheboyganites away from their position and usually managed to get beneath their own basket and ended with a basket to their credit.

The first quarter ended with Grayling in the lead by three points, the score being 9 to 6. In the second quarter Grayling annexed 8 points while Cheboygan failed to ring up a single counter. In the third quarter the visitors rallied and rung up seven points and held Grayling to six, making the score 23 to 13, in Grayling's favor. The last quarter was the banner one for the locals when they put the ball thru the hoop for 12 points, while Cheboygan were able to annex but three. The final score was Grayling 35, Cheboygan 16.

"Pete" Johnson proved to be the star point getter for Grayling, making nine field baskets and one successful throw-in. He also scored for Cheboygan made eight points for his team, or just half their total number. He was most clever at basket shooting and rung up three beautiful "Long Toms."

Following is the summary:

	B	F	P
Grayling	35	16	0
Cheboygan	16	35	0
Reynolds, F.	2	0	4
E. Johnson, F.	9	1	10
Mason, F.	0	0	0
MacPherson, G.	1	0	2
Smith, G.	2	0	4
Ward, G.	0	0	0
Cheboygan	16	35	0
Rogers	2	2	5
Oeyer	0	0	0
Ward	3	2	8
Brackett	0	0	0
Richardson	0	0	0
Sperry	1	0	2

Score by periods:

	1	2	3	4	Total
Grayling	9	8	6	12	35
Cheboygan	6	0	7	3	16

Grayling will play Midland All City Saturday night and the Box Factory team will play the Railroad crew. Both will be good games so don't miss them.

The High school boys will play Gladwin Friday night. The preliminary game played between the Railroad quintette and Ben Landsberg's team was won by the former by a score of 8 to 6. The game was alive with thrills and excitement ran high thruout, as at no time was either team more than a couple of points ahead of their opponent. Next Saturday night the Railroad team will play the Box Factory team and this too is sure to be an exciting one.



"Who?" Is the fox trot hit of the season. It is recorded the new Victor way with George Olsen and His Music. It has a fascinating vocal refrain. It is a glorious, gliding rhythm. And you will love the smooth, low, startling voice-harmonies. How it will make you want to dance and dream. "Who?" is youth set to music.

Let us also play for you the other latest Victor releases. These new recordings are amazing in their beauty and their resonance. The din of the merriest crowd could not drown out the booming rhythms of Orthophonic music.

Come today any day—you are always welcome.

T. HANSON HEADS VILLAGE TICKET

MANY CHANGES DUE FOR NEW COUNCIL

Court House Too Small; Adjourned To School House.

The Village caucus held last week Thursday evening was about the largest that has been held in the history of the village. The crowd began assembling early and at 7:30, there were many present. At 7:40, there were just fifty present and within another five minutes 25 more came in and by 7:45 the court room, including the jury seats, was full. By 8:00 o'clock the place was so crowded that it was deemed advisable to adjourn and go to the school house for the meeting.

The meeting was called to order by M. Hanson, chairman of the Village committee, who read the official caucus call. On motion of M. A. Bates, duly seconded, the meeting adjourned to re-assemble at the High school auditorium.

By 8:15 o'clock the crowd had re-assembled at the school house. In the mean time a man was posted at the Court house to notify any stragglers that the caucus was being held at the School house.

On motion, Marius Hanson was elected temporary chairman of the meeting, and O. P. Schumann, secretary. On motion the chairman appointed the following tellers: Lorane Sparkes, Dell Weir and Carl Peterson. After being administered the oath of fidelity, by Justice Kraus, the officers proceeded with the regular order of business and duly made the following nominations:

For President—Thorwald W. Hanson.
For Clerk—J. Chris Jensen.
For Treasurer—Roy O. Milnes.
For Assessor—James W. Sorenson.
For Trustee, one year—George Sorenson.
For Trustee, full term—Thorwald P. Peterson.
For Trustee, full term—Emil Gierling.
For Trustee, full term—Albert L. Roberts.

The following Village Committee was elected:
M. Hanson, Chairman.
O. P. Schumann.
Dr. C. R. Keyport.

With the election of T. W. Hanson as president and Messrs George Sorenson, P. P. Peterson and Emil Gierling as trustees, there will be an almost completely new council. Frank Salas and George McCullough, whose terms did not expire at this time, will be the only old members to serve this year.

Mr. Hanson has served the Village in the capacity of president on two former occasions, serving two or more terms each time, is very familiar with the Village affairs and no doubt will serve again in his usual able manner.

LYCEUM COURSE ASSURED FOR NEXT WINTER

Miss Selma Lenhart, popular reader of plays, presented the closing number of the local Lyceum course on Tuesday evening of last week. A large crowd enjoyed Miss Lenhart's presentation of the play "Erstwhile Susan". Every character in the play was clearly and cleverly impersonated and thruout the entire reading there was no confusion of the numerous characters represented. Miss Lenhart appeared here as a substitute for Miss Jean MacDonald.

The Lyceum Course this year was a success in every way. The four numbers presented were all well received by the large audiences and the excellent talent secured thru the Redpath Bureau was highly appreciated. The Epworth League of the Michigan Memorial church handled the course for the past year and have again entered into a contract with the Redpath Bureau for a Lyceum course for another year. Four high class numbers have been contracted for at a greater expense than this year's course. The committee reports that the same popular low price for season tickets will be continued next year since the people seem to appreciate the price for which the tickets were sold this year. Already \$240 worth of season tickets have been signed for. The numbers for next winter are as follows: The Brown Menely Distinctors with a program built around the Cathedral Chimes. The Castford Trio, featuring readings, vocal selections, the Harp Violin and Piano. The Glen Wells Company, presenting one of their complete and most interesting plays, and Ned Woodman, well known comedian and humorist.

NEW ENGLAND DINNER FRIDAY EVENING

A real old-fashioned New England Dinner will be served at the Michigan Memorial Church Friday evening February 19th, from 5 to 7 p. m. Here you will find that old favorite dish of Corned Beef and Cabbage with all the trimmings. Delicious Corn Bread will likewise enter into the menu, saying nothing of Pumpkin and Cherry Pies.

This dinner is quite out of the ordinary inasmuch as it being sponsored by the men of the church assisted by the ladies. Mr. Gierling has charge of the supper and has done everything possible to make it a great success. This supper will likewise serve as an informal reception for the Colegrove-Loes party who will arrive on that day to take charge of the Evangelistic campaign. Don't miss the New England dinner which the committee, aided by the ladies, will be served by the men. Below is the menu:

Bill of Fare
Corn Beef and Cabbage, with Rutabagas, Carrots, Potatoes and Onions.

Johnnycake Bread—Butter
Pickles Cranberries Coffee
Pumpkin Pie—Cherry Pie
Everything right on the table—help yourself.

Adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents.

LEGION MASKED BALL WAS FINE AFFAIR

The school gymnasium was a gay place last Friday evening when Grayling American Legion Post No. 106 gave their annual masked ball, which, as in former years, proved to be a very delightful affair.

It was a fancy costume party with masks and everything that goes with an occasion of that kind. The Gym was a riot of colors with its patriotic decorations of bunting, American flags, and streamers of colorful pennants, and as the day was the birthday anniversary of our immortal emancipator, Lincoln, his picture was appropriately hung at one end of the room, draped with a large American flag.

A large number appeared in costume. There were clowns galore, Mexicans, Spaniards, Red Cross nurses, and many in funny makeup—some with funny faces and some with sad ones; and there were many in beautiful costumes, all blending into the gay array of colors.

Schram's orchestra furnished the music and it certainly was fine, and drew many favorable comments during the evening. Dancing began at nine o'clock and at 10:30 there was a grand march which concluded with "masks off." Miss Marion Wood of Bay City, dressed in a colonial gown, was most charming and was awarded the prize for being the best dressed lady. Owen Cameron, in a very rich Spanish costume, received the gent's prize. Mr. and Mrs. Elye Mills in pierrette costumes of black and white were most attractive and secured the prize for the best dressed couple, and Miss Bunny Montour and Reginald Shepley made a hit as the most comical dressed couple and won the prizes. Their costumes were made up of articles of dress that were worn 35 and 40 years or more ago, and of course very old-fashioned.

The judges for the evening were chosen from the crowd of spectators on the balcony. One mysterious couple, appearing as husband and wife, were so well disguised that few if any knew them. They left the ball room before unmasking. They proved to be Alfred and Carl Hanson.

After the many surprises at unmasking, dancing was resumed and continued until two o'clock. During the evening toy horns were distributed, resulting with the usual pandemonium. Lunch was served in the corridor of the basement where the guests were privileged to enjoy to the art's content appetizing sandwiches, pickles, cakes and coffee.

It was a most enjoyable party and incidentally profitable to the Post's treasury, the fund of which was enriched about \$70.00. The members are very appreciative of the hearty response given their ball by the public, and for their generous patronage.

Signboards at Cadillac, Mich., tell you that it is the city of Quality. At Monroe one is informed that there is the Floral City. There is Dynamic Detroit and Jackson, the City of Push, as other signs inform the traveler.

Ford

BIG REDUCTION

In Closed Car Prices
Effective February 11th

	New Price	Old Price	Reduction
Tudor	\$520	\$580	\$60
Coupe	\$500	\$520	\$20
Fordor	\$565	\$660	\$95

Demand for Ford closed cars since the improved types in colors were introduced has been constantly increasing. With greater output of these types production costs have been lessened, and it is the policy of the company to give its customers the benefits of all such reductions.

New Open Car Prices

Touring Car '310 Runabout '290
Starter and Demountable Rims, \$85 Extra

Tractor, Car and Truck Chassis prices remain unchanged.

All Prices F. O. B. Detroit

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan

FOR THE BABY

Nothing is too good for the baby.
We have a complete stock of Baby Foods,
Nursing Bottles, Nipples, Rubber Sheets, and
anything needed for the care and comfort
of the youngster.

BOTTLES—Pyrex, Hygeia, Faultless and round nurseries.
NIPPLES—Ingram's, Anti-Colic, Hygeia, Miller's, in
different shapes.

POWDERS—Bauer & Black, Mennen's, Johnson's, Zinc
Stearate, Syke's, Kora Konia, and Boraxzin
Baby Powders.

SOAP—Bauer & Black, Germicidal, Castile, Castoloy, and
others.

If you need anything for the baby, drop in and
we will fix you up.

THE
NYAL
STORE

Everything a Good Drug
Store Should Have

No. 1

CENTRAL DRUG STORE
C. W. OLSEN PROP.
GRAYLING, MICH.

HOME'S BEST

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of
Illinois.

WE WERE all sitting in the lounge
of the steamer that was plowing
its way through the waves of the At-
lantic—six of us perhaps—telling
tales of our wanderings and our ad-
ventures. Some had been to Prague,
some to Inverness, and others had seen
the wonders of Grenada or observed—
that was all they had done they
arrived—the going-on at Deauville
and Monte Carlo. They had traveled
far and wide during the summer.
They had all had a fine time, too,
and were determined to go back again
whenever opportunity or the bank ac-
count warranted. There was consid-
erable discussion as to the differences
in practices and customs in the vari-
ous countries we had seen and those
extant in our native land. Most of us
had learned something from our asso-
ciation with the Swiss, or the French,
or the Spanish, or the English, and
could see in each of these various
lands which we had visited many
ways of doing things which we might
well adopt in our own land. There
was, of course, caustic criticism of
every country on the part of some, but
in general an attempt to remember
and to appreciate what was best in
each. Then finally there was silence
until Doctor White spoke up.

He was a Southern gentleman with
the soft voice and the careful elimina-
tion of his final "r's" and the wide
brimmed hat which always gave away
the man who comes from South of
Mason and Dixon's line. Foreign food
had been one of the items under dis-
cussion.

"What I'd like," the doctor said in
his slow Southern drawl, "is a good
piece of fried chicken—white meat, if
you please, with a lot of gravy like
my dinky cook fixes up for me at
home."

"Well, I'd like to run onto a little
plumbing that works," Sutton re-
marked. "Every fixture that I've been
acquainted with this summer has
leaked, or worked badly, or refused
entirely to function. I'm sure that
most of it is second-hand stuff out of
the ark."

Cynthia Faulkner was fed up on
milk chocolate. She had lived within
a stone's throw of the establishment
of Gale Peter and she was now wan-
ting some real chocolate with nuts and
fruit and toothsome hard centers. The
first thing she did when she got home,
she said, was to go straight to a candy
shop.

"What I want," said Fuller, "is good
butter—three times a day with salt in
it, and a thick juicy steak with pota-
toes au gratin and caramel ice cream
—a lot of it—and angel food cake."

They were going home all of them
fed up on foreign food and foreign
habits and foreign customs, and they
were realizing, as every local citizen
must, some of the blessings and the
comforts and the conveniences of
home.

For myself I was longing for the
sweep of the prairies, for wide fields
of waving corn, for a decent seat in a
pullman that was rolling toward home.
Every country has its attractions, but
ultimately we all come to realize that
"home's best."

ing his short residence here. The wife
and daughter have the sincere sym-
pathy of many friends in their sor-
row.

The funeral of the deceased was
held Tuesday afternoon with services
at the Danish-Lutheran church, con-
ducted by Rev. Kjolhede. The church
choir rendered many beautiful hymns
during the service.

Mr. Axel Rasmussen of Chicago,
a brother of the deceased came to be
in attendance at the funeral. Other
than his brother-in-law, Mr. and
Mrs. Hans P. Rasmussen of Denmark
survive.

FOODS—MILK THE MOST ES-
SENTIAL SINGLE FOOD

The classes in Home Hygiene last
week discussed foods—the elements
sources, care and selection of same.
The various health-building foods
were illustrated by numerous charts,
showing the different elements con-
tained in each.

Milk was held as the most essen-
tial single food, because no other one
food so nearly meets all the body's
requirements. It is an economical
food—considered merely as a source
of energy it is not so cheap a food as
the cereals, sugar or many forms of
fat; but it is an economical food be-
cause of the quality and quantity of
food elements supplied for a given
sum of money. No other one food
contains so many of the elements
needed by both children and adults.

One glass of milk, or one and one-
half pints of cheese will give the
same amount of calcium as eight and
one-half eggs, three oranges, five
figs, forty-five dates, one and one-
fourth pounds of cabbage, five and
one-half pounds of potatoes, or eight
and one-half pounds of meat. One
glass of milk will furnish one-third
the calcium needed by the adult each
day. It is therefore a mistake to go
without milk, however small the
amount of money to be spent for food.
Milk as the only food would not be a
satisfactory diet, as it would take too
much of it to supply the needed en-
ergy, and it is so completely digested
that it does not give the necessary
roughage, so it needs supplementing
with iron-containing foods such as
whole grain products, vegetables,
fruits and eggs, which are essential
foods.

At the meetings this week a num-
ber of papers were read and talks
on health problems given by several
of the members. Teeth and tonsils
were thoroughly discussed, and if
defective the injuries they can cause
to one's health. Also adenoids were
taken up. Anyone wishing to may
attend these meetings, which are
held on Tuesday afternoon and even-
ing at the Health center.

Father Sage Says:
An exciting event
would be the see-
ing of a turtle race!

Grayling's First
Style Show

An Array of Spring Fashions on
Live Models will be staged at the
High School Auditor-
ium on Saturday, Feb. 27th, at 2:30
p. m. under auspices of the
Good Fellowship Club

The Models will display:

**Sport, Afternoon and Even-
ing Gowns, Coats and Hats**

*You are cordially invited to attend this
demonstration of New and Authentic
spring styles direct from New York City*

Costumes Worn at this Style Show will be
Furnished by the

Grayling Mercantile Co.

and will be on sale at their store.

CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

O. P. SCHUMANN, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50
Outside of Crawford County and
Roscommon.....\$2.50

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1926.

Local News

H. A. Clemetson of Alpena was in
the city yesterday on business.

Sale on all rubbers, to close out
Saturday, at Frank's.

Sale on all sweaters at Frank's
Saturday.

Don't miss Frank's place, the
place for bargains all day.

New slippers for men and women
are arriving daily at Olson's.

Plan to attend the Fashion Show at
the school auditorium, Feb. 27.

Remember the New England dinner
Friday evening at the Michelson
Memorial church.

Mrs. Mabel Quick and children of
Detroit spent the week-end with her
mother Mrs. Laura Wallace.

Corn beef and cabbage! The real
thing in the old fashioned way, Fri-
day evening at the M. E. church.

The Good Fellowship club will
sponsor a Fashion Show at the school
auditorium, Saturday, February 27.

L. E. Sexton of Sioux City, Iowa,
has come to Grayling to reside and
has purchased a home near the school
house.

Mrs. Martha McMasters returned
today from Detroit, where she had
been visiting friends for several
weeks.

"Jiggs' favorite, that's it! Corn
beef and cabbage and all the trim-
mings, Friday evening at the M. E.
church. All you can eat and only
fifty cents."

Thorwald Peterson arrived today
from Detroit to spend a few days
visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Andrew Peterson.

A New England dinner! This will
be a treat for everybody. Don't
miss it. Bring your friends. A real
"feed" for only 50 cents. Friday at
the M. E. church.

Services at the Michelson Memorial
church every night except Monday,
at 7:30. Good music, good singing
and good speaking. Every one in-
vited.

E. D. Persons of Detroit was in the
city last week in the interest of the
Redpath Lyceum bureau. While here
he signed up a contract for a pro-
gram for next season.

The members of the congregation
this week purchased one of the em-
ployees of the Free Methodist church
have purchased one of the em-
pty houses at T-town and had it re-
moved to the lot adjoining the church.
It is to be remodeled and will serve
as a parsonage.

The Store that Gives the Service
and a Number of
BARGAINS EVERY SATURDAY

Choice Parlor Brooms.....58c
Best Pastry Flour in 5 lb. sacks.....35c
Fresh Mince Meat package 13c, 2 for.....25c
Canvas Gloves 13c. Two pair for.....25c
Special Blend and fresh roasted Coffee at.....39c
Fancy Table Syrup, per jug.....28c

We will have a fresh supply of Head and
Leaf Lettuce, Celery, Green Peppers, Parsley,
Green Onions and Spinach, Oranges, Tangerines
Grapefruit, Lemons and Apples.

You are cordially invited to call in person, or
phone us.

H. PETERSEN

Your Grocer

PHONE 25

GOOD FELLOWSHIP CLUB NOTES

Mr. R. D. Bailey gave a most inter-
esting review of "Peace, Power and
Plenty" by Orison Sevett Morden
Monday evening before the members
of the club at the home of Mrs. Emil
Kraus. Mr. Bailey brought out the
author's ideas on the real philosophies
of every day life in a very compre-
hensive manner and the members felt
they had enjoyed an evening of spici-
dity thought. The hostess served a
very dainty lunch in keeping with St.
Valentine day. Mrs. Bailey was a
guest.

WOMAN'S CLUB NOTES

Mrs. Cassidy was hostess to the
Woman's Club Monday evening.
Roll call—Something I will do when
I have time.
West Point and Annapolis—Mrs.
Hughes.
American Historic Homes—Mrs.
McNevin.

Miss Cottle rendered a couple of
vocal solos, accompanied by Miss
Rose Cassidy.
Miss Astrid Ahman played Poet
and Peasant.
Business.
The Club will meet with Mrs. Geo.
McCullough next Monday evening.

Classified Ads

WANTED—SECOND HAND IRON
safe. Inquire at this office.

WANTED—WASHING OR ANY
kind of cleaning by day or hour.
Mrs. Carrie Kelly, Cor. Chestnut
and Ionia streets.

WANTED—SEWING. CHILDREN'S
clothes a specialty. Mrs. H. Bis-
sonette.

STRAYED—TO MY PREMISES
about two weeks ago, one hound
dog. Owner may have same by
proving property and paying costs.
on AuSable. Address—Eldorado,
Mich.

FOR SALE—BODY WOOD, GREEN
beech and some maple, \$3.50 per
cord. Write Louis McCormick,
Frederic, Michigan.

LOST—A TIRE CHAIN, SUNDAY,
Jan. 31st on Lake road. Finder
please notify B. A. Cooley at the
Gift Shop.

WANTED—POSITION IN STORE
or to do chore, run errands or any
other work. Am 17 years old. Alex
Smith, corner Plum and Ogema
streets.

FOR SALE—FACTORY 36x80 FT.,
two story, with wood working ma-
chinery. Wonderful opportunity
for a carpenter for contract work,
boat building, etc. A. E. Hass,
1-21-4 Walloon Lake, Mich.

FAMILY AND PIECE WASHINGS,
and Saturday work, wanted by Mrs.
Maggie Kandrow, near South side
school.

GOOD HOME FOR SALE—CHEAP,
and on easy terms. Inquire at Ava-
lanche Office. Phone 1112.

Take your Home Paper—Only \$2.00 per year

And thus Keep in Touch With Important Local Happenings

"Daylight Your Kitchen!"



During the remainder of January and through the
month of February, we are administering a special
Kitchen Unit Campaign, during which time
you can use ABSOLUTELY FREE one of our
wonderful daylight kitchen devices for the period
of TEN DAYS.

Call 292 for Demonstration.

Grayling Electric Co.

PHONE 292



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Bart Rogers, whose father is a speechless through paralysis, calls to see an installment on a mortgage at the office of Leon Barrows, a lawyer, who tells the young man that when he lent the elder Rogers money to rehabilitate his property he had taken no mortgage, but had accepted only notes which were made over to a person he could not name. This unknown benefactor, explains Barrows, is not expected further payments. Bart is informed by the lawyer that drillers seem interested in what has recently been coming up on the hill, and strip in the vicinity of Bart's holdings.

CHAPTER II.—The town election is held by Tom Jordan, who has defeated "Bull" Franniston, a bully, for mayor. Jordan offers Bart the job as marshal. "Bull" Franniston hates Bart because of the latter's interference some time before, when Franniston was mistreating his daughter, Anita. Old Jim, a street-wise, old-timer, tells Bart, but after hurrying home to tell his father, he finds the latter dead, supposedly from a paralytic stroke.

CHAPTER III.—Old Jim, Anita's father's bodyguard, tells Bart that he should marry Anita to save her from the sinister power which her father's friends over her destiny. Jim alludes to a mysterious force which Franniston is able to exercise under his control, and says that he has been in his relations with "Bull" Franniston and his daughter. Franniston receives the oil rights on Bartland, Bart has been offered the job of marshal by his friend Jordan, and learns that "Bull" Franniston is going to force Anita to associate with the riff-rat that have looked to the town.

CHAPTER IV.—Bart is summoned to Barrows' office, where he reads of the will and learns that "Bull" Franniston is the mysterious stranger who befriended his father. The will contains a joint which assigns all the oil and mineral rights of Bart's land to Franniston.

CHAPTER V.—At the bank Bart sees another signed copy of the will, and realizes that the signature is genuine. Among the crowd of gamblers and other undesirable characters in town, following the discovery of oil, is Bud Tarko, a gambler and ex-serviceman, who becomes friendly with Bart. The latter accepts the offer of the office of city marshal, previously offered him by Mayor Jordan, and determines to drive the vicious characters out of the town.

CHAPTER VI.—Bud Tarko becomes Bart's deputy and a shell man is thrown into jail by Rogers. Franniston, who had promised protection to all gamblers, swears that he will get even. Accordingly, Tarko is assaulted behind the back, the prisoner is set free, and the jail and city hall burn.

CHAPTER VII.—Franniston accuses Bart of "framing" him, the gambler, who has been arrested for the shooting of an innocent bystander, and setting the jail on fire. Rogers appeals to Mayor Jordan, but the latter, who tells him he will uphold him, Bart, unable to raise the men he needs to enforce law and order, appeals to Graham, the sheriff, who is in league with Franniston and arrests Tarko, charging the latter with arson and attempted homicide.

CHAPTER VIII

A Fight

An hour later Bart was in Mannington, at ten o'clock, he reached the bank and got the money; then he walked into the courtroom and waited for his deputy to be brought forward for pleading.

It was not long before Bud Tarko appeared. "Not guilty, your honor," came the voice of the tall, bedraggled young man, and with that Bart went forward.

"If you please, your honor, Mr. Tarko's attorney is on the way here from Cheyenne," he announced, "and simply as a citizen, I would like to ask permission of the court to have this case set for at least a month from today, as Mr. Tarko's attorney will have to familiarize himself with all the details."

The district attorney nodded. "It's agreeable with me, your honor." The date of trial was set. Bart again faced the court.

"I am ready, your honor, to furnish a cash bond."

Fifteen minutes later, the disappointed Tarko beside him, Bart again was on the road to Mannington. A mile and he returned to his companion.

"Bud, I'm going to let you out at the discovery well, I want you to visit every camp and outfit and find every American Legion man in the oil district. What's more, I want you to argue with that man until he gives you his solemn promise to meet at the alkali flat, just west of town, at nine o'clock tonight. Do you get me?"

"Do I? It's memorized. What'll I tell 'em is doing?"

"Action—and plenty of it."

Accordingly Bart let Tarko off at the oil fields and went on. At the entrance to the main street he leaned over the wheel suddenly at the sight of a crowd on the corner. A second more and he had swerved the machine to the curb, shut off the engine and was rushing forward. He had heard the jeering tones of a man—the voice of a girl—the voice of Anita Franniston.

In a doorway lounged "Bull" Franniston, plainly drunk, while, at the curbing, Anita was struggling valiantly to evade the caresses of a man—the gambler Bart had arrested the day before. He too was drunk—almost as drunk as the shouting, roaring "Bull," who egged him on from the doorway.

Old Jim, begging piteously with his drunken brute of a master for some evidence of human commiseration, was unheeded. About them the crowd laughed and jeered as the gambler continued his lurching efforts to force

the lips of Anita Franniston to his. And with that, Bart Rogers swept forward.

He tore the gambler away from Anita.

"Let go of that girl!" It was "Bull" Franniston, weaving forward now, his right hand fumbling in the direction of a hip pocket.

"Bart!" It was a screaming voice from one side, where Old Jim was scrambling forward. "Bart! Look out! He's got a gun!"

But half-way to his pocket Franniston's hand halted, and he whirled in frenzied fashion as the thin, suddenly superstitious Old Jim lunged toward him, with both thin hands, grasping his heavy wrist. A great fist drew back, and the black eyes of the hulking beast seemed to pull together in a squint of anger.

"Let go there!" he ordered, and struck wildly at the dodging, twisting form of the old man. "Let go there!"

"I'll not let go!" Old Jim was screaming now, with a sort of fierce terror. "I'll not let go! My flesh and blood, 'Bull'! And I ain't going to stand it any longer! You ain't going to hurt her and you ain't going to hurt him! Drop that gun! Drop that gun, I say!"

"Let go!" The big voice thundered the command, and again the heavy fist of the man swished through the air, to catch the older man on the side of the head, to stun him momentarily and to send him staggering, while the gunman again swung upward.

Then a shot tore its way into the sidewalk as Old Jim once more leaped to the attack and grasped the wrist of the larger man. A third shot, a fourth and then a shriek!

The teeth of Old Jim clamped on the wrist, and the blood began to splatter on the sidewalk. The gun had dropped from the deadened grasp of "Bull" Franniston, while Jim leaped and seized it, then, pivoting, swung it high and brought the butt crashing down upon the forehead of the being he hated and feared.

A lurching second—then "Bull" dropped, while the crowd, frightened now, milled for safety.

"I've done it," came in a strange, droning voice. "I've done it—he'll get me now. But I—I can't help it." He looked toward Bart Rogers, who had turned, after assisting the weakened Anita, later the car, and in his eyes was the look of a man facing something more than death. "I've done it," he said, "the thing I've always been afraid of. I knew he'd make me—I knew he'd go so far some day that it'd all have to come out. Now he'll get me—and she'll—she'll have to suffer, 'cause she ain't his daughter, Bart—she's mine!"

"Yours?" Bart asked the question hurriedly as he pushed the frightened old man into the car. "There—don't talk about it now. Come on—we've got to get away from here."

"Pace pace of Anita," he called over his shoulder, jammed his foot on the starter, and with the first roar of the engine sent the car skidding around the corner on the beginning of a circuitous journey to the home of the mayor. A half-block and he outdistanced the few persons who had sought to pursue. A few moments more and he swerved into the Jordan driveway. Then, with Anita, struggling grimly for self-possession, and the chattering Jim beside him, he faced Mayor Jordan.

"I hate to impose on you, Mr. Jordan," he began, "but—"

"Come in!" The genial old official had thrown wide the door. "Who's that?" Oh—and his expression changed. "Miss Franniston?"

"Yes, I'll explain to you later," Bart answered. "In the meanwhile, could you allow me to have a room where Miss Franniston and Old Jim could sort of sit down and compose themselves?"

"Surest thing," Tom Jordan asked no more questions, but simply led the way to the top of the stairs, where his wife awaited him. "There's been some more trouble—Mary," he announced quietly. "Take care of these folks, will you?"

Then he turned with Bart to the living room, where Rogers gave his account and told the story of "Bull" Franniston. The mayor's face lost its geniality.

"That looks bad," he responded grimly.

"I wonder if you'd mind attending a meeting with me about nine o'clock?" Bart asked.

"Tonight? Where?"

"Out on the alkali flat. Some of the men who are working around here and who belong to the American Legion are going to get together for a few minutes. Will you be there? I'll need you."

"Meet me here at 8:30. It was said quietly and tersely. "If I am a few minutes late, don't worry. I'll be here."

Still with the grin on his features, Tom Jordan went out the door, while Bart Rogers looked after him in almost worshipful fashion. For Bart had learned that one thing he had feared was untrue. Old Tom Jordan had a genial face. He had a soft, easy manner. He had a penchant for following the easiest way. But now, Bart saw, when Tom Jordan came to the barrier, he could prove himself a thoroughbred!

He stretched himself on the lounge. "It's going to be a bit of a nap," he said to himself. "Only a few minutes—"

But when he turned at last, to tugging at a shoulder, the light with-out had faded. Tom Jordan was grinning down at him.

"Have to step lively, youngster," came his cheery greeting. "Let you sleep 'til the last minute. Hurry out there in the kitchen and get the grub my wife's fixed for you. It's half past eight!"

Bart obeyed hurriedly, then joined the mayor, who was waiting in the machine. A mile past the center of town they veered their course, and, leaving the road, started straight across the prairie toward the alkali flat. Now Bart was leaning anxiously forward, straining for the sight of men—and still he was rewarded.

"They're there!" came his enthusiastic announcement. "Fully a hundred of them. See! There by the campfire!"

Five minutes later they drew up at the flat, and Bart alighted, to find the elongated Tarko striding toward him.

"Ain't I a good man?" he asked as he jabbed forth a disfigured hand. "May be a little mused up—but a good man's a good man any time. Look 'em over, Cap'n. There they are—a hundred and forty of 'em."

Bart introduced the mayor, and Bud Tarko grinned as the former went to call the meeting to order.

He waved toward Bart Rogers, and the marshal stepped a short distance forward.

"Fellows," he began quietly, "I know that every one of you have some place that you call home, and that you like to think about it as a place where there's law and decency, and where your mother or your sister or your sweetheart can walk along the street in safety, or where your young brood—"

"—will not be face to face with a thousand temptations that should be removed from his path. Is that right?"

There was a slight murmur—Bart knew it was one of approval. He continued.

"I thought so. Now, the man beside me is the mayor of Mannington. He's not a politician, and he has no ax to grind. I think he will tell you that on the streets of Mannington in the last week women have been insulted, men fished of their every cent, youths lured into dance halls and worse, and all because there isn't sufficient police power to stop it. Mayor, is that right?"

Tom Jordan rubbed his hands. "I had 'nigh thirty letters yesterday from people who really lived in Mannington asking me what I intended doing about cleaning up this town," was his reply. "All that I could tell them was that I would do my best, but that my hands were tied."

Again Bart Rogers took the initiative.

"The reason for it is, fellows, simply the fact that Bud Tarko and myself are the police department. We're not a very husky army to combat what we're up against. We get no help from the sheriff—instead, today he arrested my deputy because he had shown the effort to use firearms to prevent a jail delivery of a gambler. Now I've promised to make it short, sweet and snappy. You're Legion men. You stand for certain things, for honesty, for decency, for clean Americanism, for law and order. This little town didn't get many soldiers during the war, because it had but few to give. But it did give what wealth it possessed, what hopes it had, what energy it could summon, to all things it gave to the limit, and it asked no return. Tonight I am bringing for it, a member of the American Legion, an asking you, as my buddies of the greatest organization in the world, to jump in and help me make this an American town again. I need 25 men whom I can deputize and who will not be afraid to shoot. You'll receive no money; you may receive injuries; are there 25 men who want to help me?"

"Who, me? Say, I never want to look a man in the face again! Boy, I ain't in it!"

"You'll regret better after you've stood awhile." Then Bart Rogers, his old enthusiasm returned, a portion at least of his zest in life restored, followed the truck and the long, casket-like boxes to the home of the mayor. There he called for Old Jim, that he might aid in the work before them. But when the man appeared, Bart resumed his order.

Jim appeared ghostly ill and frightened. Instinctively Rogers went to him and grasped him by a thin, trembling shoulder.

"What's the matter with you? No bodies—"

"She's looking for me." The voice was strange and cracked and lifeless. A hand twitched in the general direction of outdoors. "I—I saw him go down the street."

"Looking for you? Saw him—what are you talking about?"

"Graham! He came into town in a hurry a half-hour ago. He's—he's looking—"

"Oh, look here!" A slight air of disgust crept into Bart's voice at the continued fear of the other man. "Forget it. If that's all you're worrying about, I'll pay your fine. Where's Anita?"

"Upstairs."

"Is she feeling better?"

"The burning eyes turned toward the other man, eyes which told a thousand stories of suffering."

"Better?" asked Old Jim in a voice that was stranger, more weird than ever. "No, she's she's crying. It had to come. I've done what I've always been afraid of doing. I've broken her heart. I've—I've told her!"

"What do you mean?"

Just then the doorbell jangled.

"Graham's at the door," Old Jim said slowly. "He's come for me. Will you let him in?"

"Certainly," Bart could say but little else. He passed the tense figure and turned the knob. Sheriff Graham of Mannington looked up at him in surly fashion.

"I want him," Graham demanded—"who's that standing back there in the hall?"

"Jim Alderby!" The faint voice answered.

"You ever go under the name of George Morrison?"

"That—that was my real name."

"Then I guess you'd better come along. I've got a telegram here from Alkonis that they want you."

"Alkonis?" Bart Rogers had edged into the conversation. "Alkonis—where?"

"Illinois."

"But Jim hasn't been out of this town for—"

"Well, if you've got to know," and the sheriff poked forward a telegram, "maybe you'd better look at this and get an eye for it."

Bart Rogers took the message, and, as he read, the words swam before his eyes. For a full moment he stared at it, reading again the crisp, brutal order.

"Graham, Sheriff, Mannington, Wyo."

"Arrest and hold for local office, George Morrison, alias James Alderby, fifty-six, five ten, dark eyes, second finger of right hand bent to left, scar above right ear. Charge, murder."

"Chief of Police, Alkonis, Ill."

"Murder?" Bart Rogers spoke the word dazedly, non-understandingly. "There must be some mistake about this. I—"

"You're not the one who's running it," the sheriff cut in. "This man's admitted his identity. What's the use—"

"But Jim! Don't stand there dumb! You haven't been out of this town for years. You—"

He ceased. The old man had spread his hands and shaken his head. Then, slowly he had come forward.

"Don't try to help me, Bart," had come pleadingly. "It only makes it harder. I—I told you I'd broken her heart. I'm—what you say—a murderer. I—I guess the worst kind of murderer that ever God ever cursed, a murderer who killed the woman he loved—his wife—and the mother of his baby!"

Long after the machine containing the sheriff and Old Jim had chugged away, Bart Rogers still stood there in the hallway, looking with dazed eyes into nothingness, striving to encompass it all.

Was that the reason—the thought, shot like red flame through the brain of Bart Rogers—that Old Jim had suffered Anita to be mistreated, at the hands of "Bull" Franniston, simply because he knew that even this was better than the discovery that he had been a murderer? Did he know that once he crossed the evil, ugly, tempered "Bull" Franniston, his secret would be a secret no longer? Was that why he had begged the man he served to be more lenient with the girl; why he had beseeched him not to force this issue to the breaking point? Instinctively, Bart knew the answer, and yet with it all, there still lingered the mystery, the unsolvable question of—why?

There were too many questions, even for conjectures. More Jim had spoken of a girl upstairs, a girl who was broken-hearted and weeping. Bart turned in search of Mrs. Jordan, then, with her beside him, went to Anita's room. A little heap of humanity was curled in a chair, weeping. The woman hurried to her.

"He told me the whole story," came brokenly. "He killed my mother!"

Then the sobs came again. Mrs. Jordan nodded to Bart and quietly he departed. An hour later—

In the big living-room downstairs, a sid-faced, motherly woman stood by the window, talking to Bart Rogers.

"It's not a pleasant story," came quietly. "Maybe it's not true—but if it is, I can't help feeling sorry for Old Jim, even if he is a murderer. Perhaps, I'm too sympathetic. But when a man has paid and paid and paid—I just can't help it."

"Don't understand, Mrs. Jordan."

"Neither do I—in a way," was the quick reply. "Old Jim may have invented the whole story. Certainly there is nothing but his word for it, however."

"According to what he told Anita, he and a young lawyer, Mason Bartholomew, were rivals for the same girl back in Alkonis. She had become engaged to Bartholomew, simply according to Jim, because he seemed to exert some sort of hypnotic influence over her. She was afraid of him—even after she had given her promise. She told Jim of her fears and of her dislike; once she ran away from him. As a result, Jim did not give up his suit."

"The time for the wedding approached and the girl became more frightened than ever. Then Jim, according to his story to Anita, decided to take things into his own hands. He went to her and argued with her until she gained the courage to elope with him. They ran away and were married that night."

"Of course, they came back to Alkonis, and the girl had to face the attorney. But apparently he had decided to act the man about the thing he offered Jim his hand and told him that it was only natural that the best man should win, then promised his undying friendship."

"Four years went by, in which the attorney was a constant visitor to the Morrison home—that is Old Jim's real name, you know. Then Anita was born, and but three months later the storm broke."

"One morning Jim opened his mail to find an anonymous letter, which made charges against his wife and some man in town whose name Anita could not recall. Jim accused her, then went to the man in question, and, using him, I guess there was the usual scene—and a fight, in which Jim was beaten. Those were drinking days, and once the whiskey had begun to work, he—he bought a revolver."

"He badly remembers Bartholomew at that time. Then, according to his story, his mind became a blank. When he awoke he dragged himself out of a drunken stupor to find that he was in his own house, that his revolver was slipped in his right hand, and that, across the room, lay the dead body of his wife."

(To be Continued)

Seems Logical

"Blinka—don't see why you don't call them my widows?" Jinks "Why that?" Blinka "Because, guess is green and grass widows are anything but—Cincinnati Enquirer"

And you ever go under the name of George Morrison?

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"Four years went by, in which the attorney was a constant visitor to the Morrison home—that is Old Jim's real name, you know. Then Anita was born, and but three months later the storm broke."

"One morning Jim opened his mail to find an anonymous letter, which made charges against his wife and some man in town whose name Anita could not recall. Jim accused her, then went to the man in question, and, using him, I guess there was the usual scene—and a fight, in which Jim was beaten. Those were drinking days, and once the whiskey had begun to work, he—he bought a revolver."

"He badly remembers Bartholomew at that time. Then, according to his story, his mind became a blank. When he awoke he dragged himself out of a drunken stupor to find that he was in his own house, that his revolver was slipped in his right hand, and that, across the room, lay the dead body of his wife."

(To be Continued)

Seems Logical

"Blinka—don't see why you don't call them my widows?" Jinks "Why that?" Blinka "Because, guess is green and grass widows are anything but—Cincinnati Enquirer"

And you ever go under the name of George Morrison?

"That—that was my real name."

"Then I guess you'd better come along. I've got a telegram here from Alkonis that they want you."

"Alkonis?" Bart Rogers had edged into the conversation. "Alkonis—where?"

"Illinois."

"But Jim hasn't been out of this town for—"

"Well, if you've got to know," and the sheriff poked forward a telegram, "maybe you'd better look at this and get an eye for it."

Bart Rogers took the message, and, as he read, the words swam before his eyes. For a full moment he stared at it, reading again the crisp, brutal order.

"Graham, Sheriff, Mannington, Wyo."

"Arrest and hold for local office, George Morrison, alias James Alderby, fifty-six, five ten, dark eyes, second finger of right hand bent to left, scar above right ear. Charge, murder."

